

THE WANDERER

BY LECHUGA JAM!



#3

MARCH 2025

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HI WANDERERS!

HOPE YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN OKAY. I'M SITTING HERE AND I REALIZE, I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY SOMETIMES. RIGHT NOW I FEEL LIKE MY BRAIN IS A SPONGE THAT IS SATURATED TO THE FULLEST AND CAN'T POSSIBLY TAKE ANY MORE WATER IN. WOULD BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO WRING YOUR BRAIN OUT LIKE A TOWEL, YEAH? OR MAYBE RUN IT UNDER COLD WATER. I FEEL LIKE THAT WOULD FEEL REALLY GOOD.

MARCH. WHAT A MONTH THAT WAS. SPRING IS HERE! SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED, LIFE IS CRAZINESS FOR A LOT OF US. FOR ME PERSONALLY, THE WORLD FEELS LIKE IT'S ENDING AND ALSO THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST TIMES OF MY LIFE. WHAT A WEIRD CONTRAST, HUH? BUT IT'S FOR TRUE, I THINK. LOTS OF GOOD THINGS HAPPENED! SO MUCH NEW MUSIC! SO MANY COOL THINGS TO SEE IN THIS ISSUE!

BUT I AM JUST ONE HUMAN. IT CAN GET HARD TO DOCUMENT IT ALL, TO THROW EVERYTHING TOGETHER ON TIME. IN SOME MOMENTS PUTTING THIS ISSUE TOGETHER, I FELT LIKE I WAS SCRAMBLING. ON TOP OF FINISHING MY LAST COLLEGE SEMESTER, I'VE BEEN A VERY BUSY MO.

AND A LOT OF SCARY THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US. IF YOU'RE READING THIS RIGHT NOW AND YOU'RE FEELING SCARED OR SAD, I'M SENDING YOU A LITTLE SHRED OF LIGHT, STRENGTH, HOPE, WHATEVER YOU MIGHT NEED. I LOVE YOU SO DEARLY. HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE!



THE MONTH OF MUSEC⁰⁰⁰

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN MARCH. OR SO I ONCE SAID TO MYSELF. THIS MARCH, 2025, I SPENT MY DAYS LISTENING TO SOME AMAZING NEW MUSIC THAT MADE ME DANCE, SMILE, STARE AT THE WALL, CRY, STARE AT THE SKY, TYPICAL THINGS. HERE ARE THREE ALBUMS THAT SOUNDTRACKED THE MONTH OF MARCH.



DOWNDOWNDOWN S AND R

RELEASED ON MARCH 7TH, THIS GROOVY EP ACCOMPANIED ME ON SKATEBOARD RIDES AND FILLED MY WORLD WITH SO MUCH SONIC COLOR. EVERYTHING FROM ITS PUNCHY BASS LINES TO ITS RICH SOUND SELECTION (LOTS OF FUN SOUNDING SYNTHS AND GUITAR TONES) TICKLED MY FANCY, BUT MOST IMPRESSIVE WAS HOW THE ALBUM FELT SO GROUNDED WITH ALL THESE MESMERIZING SOUNDS. S AND R, WITH THEIR INTENSE SONGWRITING AND WITTY WORDPLAY, MAKE YOU STOP AND LISTEN TO ALL THEIR STORIES AND CONFESSIONS. I THINK MY FAVORITES WERE CAESAR AND TASTE OF THE CROWN, FOR ALL THAT GROOVINESS THAT S AND R CAPTURES SO DAMN WELL.



SOULMURDER WARMACHINE



ANOTHER ALBUM RELEASED ON MARCH 7TH WARMACHINE HAS HELD THIS SPOT IN MY HEART SINCE THE DAY I FELT MY BODY FREEZE OVER SEEING THEM ~~WARMACHINE~~ LIVE—SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR LUSH, NOISY SOUNDSCAPES JUST WASHES OVER YOU AND LEAVES YOU IN A TRANCE. AND NOW I'VE GOT THIS ALBUM IN MY POCKET, AND I WALK TO SCHOOL WITH THE WIND BLOWING IN MY HAIR AND THAT OPENING RIFF OF NECROMANCY TRANSPORTS ME.

THIS ALBUM FEELS LIKE STARING OUT INTO AN OVERCAST SKY, FEELING DESOLATION AS IT THREATENS TO RIP YOUR SOUL FROM YOUR BODY—AND THEN, A SONG LIKE CASCades COMES ON. AND YOU START TO SEE IN COLOR AGAIN. WHERE SOME SPOTS, YOU FEEL THAT ANGUISH EN MASSE, OTHER SPOTS FEEL LIKE A GHOSTLY HUG. I THINK THAT'S WHAT MAKES W.W. AND CASCades MY FAVORITE SONGS...

SOMETHING ABOUT THAT EMOTIONAL JOURNEY. AND THE SOUNDS. I THINK I HEARD SKATEBOARD WHEELS ON SOULMURDER, AND THE CHIRPING BIRDS ON CASCades... LISTEN TO THIS DAMN ALBUM.

NURSE JOY



CAN I SAY SOMETHING...?
NURSE JOY



AND THEN, THERE WAS MARCH 15TH. I HAD NEVER BEEN SO READY FOR AN ALBUM TO COME, AND THE DAY IT DID FELT LIKE MUSIC WAS BORN ALL OVER AGAIN. BOSTON'S FAVORITE EGG-WAVING, DANCE-PUNKING-SOMETHING-OR-OTHERS BRING US AN ALBUM FULL OF ENERGY AND LOVE AND JOY AND THOUGHT. FAST GUITARS IN MYNERVA'S SONG 2 THROTTLE YOU IN, TAKING YOU TO A SONIC LANDSCAPE OF CUMBIA GROOVES ON MOB WIFE, THE DANCE-Y ECLIPSE AND RA BBITS, THE PASSIONATE FUNK OF EMOTIONAL JUKE, AND THE CRY OF DESPERATION THAT IS WITHOUT WITNESS - AN EMOTIONAL JOURNEY THAT LEFT ME STARING INTO THE CLOUDS AS THEY ROLLED BY, AMAZED AT IT ALL. AS NURSE JOY BY NURSE JOY CLOSED IT OUT WITH THE WORDS, "TO BEGIN IS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING," I KNEW THIS ALBUM WOULD FOREVER BE SPECIAL TO ME...

"I wanted to ask about the tracks rabbits and nurse joy, since those have been released before. I was just curious, what was it like revisiting those? And was there any particular reason you wanted to re-record them?"

Mae: Well, rabbits, the first one was just me in Garageband and it's always been better with the band, so that was at the top of the list. It's a favorite of mine.

Mo: Hell yeah.

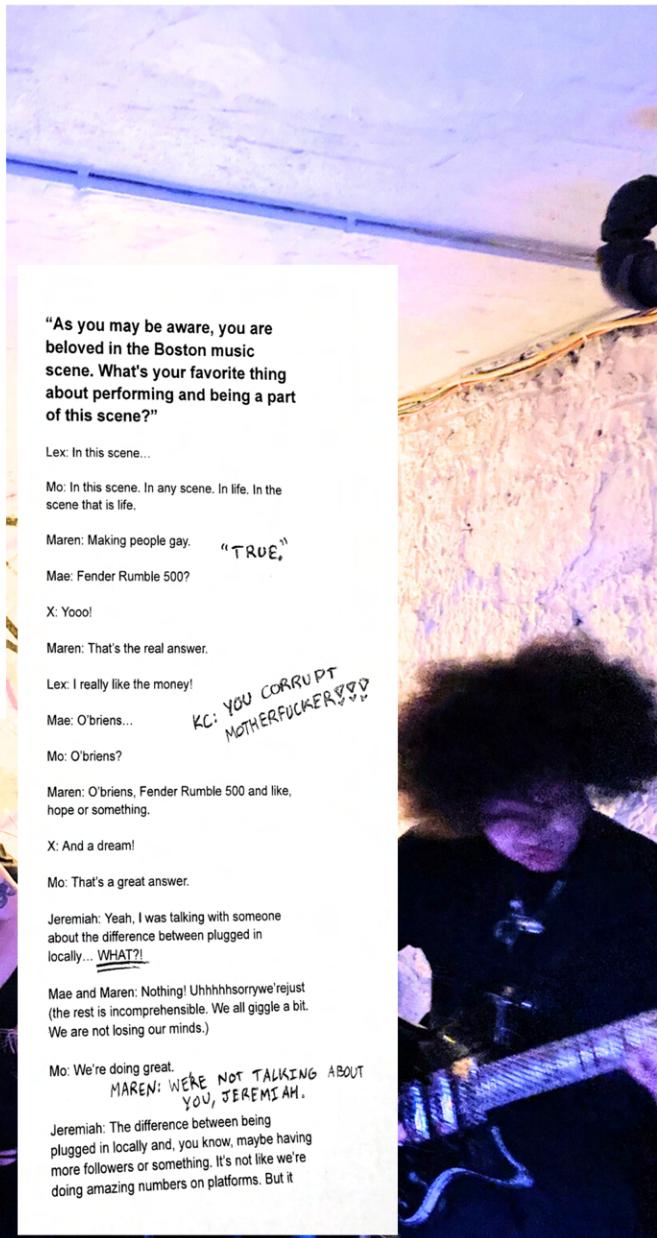
Maren: Nurse joy... it's just a banger. Ya know? It sounded pretty good on the last release, but I don't think we were quite satisfied.

Mae: There's also something about the album as a work. And about listening to the songs straight-together, you know? And it's become more special to us and some of y'all in the year or whatever since that album came out. I feel like it's become even more special and it just needed something more refreshing.

Jeremiah: Also, we went into the recording process not sure if we were going to record nurse joy or not. And then there was the day we were tracking the majority of the songs, and it was a pretty stressful experience. And so we decided to bust out a couple takes of nurse joy, because we know that we're tight on it...

Maren: We said, "we have to get it in two takes, or it's not gonna appear on the album."

Jeremiah: Right, yeah. And it sounded really good, and it also kinda saved that session, I think. I think we were doing without witness when we gave up, and played nurse joy a couple times. And I think it really helped.



"As you may be aware, you are beloved in the Boston music scene. What's your favorite thing about performing and being a part of this scene?"

Lex: In this scene...

Mo: In this scene. In any scene. In life. In the scene that is life.

Maren: Making people gay. "TRUE,"

Mae: Fender Rumble 500?

X: Yooo!

Maren: That's the real answer.

Lex: I really like the money!

Mae: O'briens...

KC: YOU CORRUPT
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Mo: O'briens?

Maren: O'briens, Fender Rumble 500 and like, hope or something.

X: And a dream!

Mo: That's a great answer.

Jeremiah: Yeah, I was talking with someone about the difference between plugged in locally... WHAT?

Mae and Maren: Nothing! Uhhhhh sorry we're just (the rest is incomprehensible. We all giggle a bit. We are not losing our minds.)

Mo: We're doing great!
MAREN: WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT
YOU, JEREMIAH.

Jeremiah: The difference between being plugged in locally and, you know, maybe having more followers or something. It's not like we're doing amazing numbers on platforms. But it

“YEAH.”

really does feel like people know us and appreciate us within the scene. And I kinda would rather have that than numbers. Hopefully that will eventually result in numbers, it's not like numbers are a bad thing.

(It got really silent here and I don't remember why. KC says "that's so cute." I think we were all looking at something.)

Maren: Next.

“Talk to me about Cumbia! I’m addicted to that moment in mob wife. I just wanna know what inspired that/how did that happen?”

Maren: I wanna answer this one.

Mo: Go for it.

Maren: Mae brought us the mob wife demo, and it did not have a cumbia section. But we were like always fucking around, so we just jammed on it and then it became cumbia. But I was really excited about it.

Mae: Cumbia's the new punk rock. That's what it says in the Sil.

Evelyn: You should let me play hand percussion on that.

Mo: That is so awesome. I love that part. I'm not familiar with the popular cumbia, I'm more familiar with the Colombian folk type shit, so that was really amazing for me.

Maren: It's more like, Peruvian psychedelic cumbia. Like Juaneco y Su Combo...

EVELYN: LOS MIRLOS?

Maren: Los Mirlos.

Jeremiah: Maren just has the right guitar tone for it.

“TRUE”

Maren: Egg Punk guitar tone and Cumbia guitar tone are the same.

(Enter Caroline.) “OMG HEY CREW!”

Mo: I have another question. It's a little bit silly.

Mae: Let our mom answer it.

Mo: Okay!

“In your opinion, who would win in a fight: The entirety of KO Queen on horseback, or the entirety of nurse joy in bear costumes?”

Mo: Maren gets both and fights whoever.

Mae: Wh- that's so fucked up! They get horses HA and we just get a costume?!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Mo: Well, you get claws and teeth with the costume!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Caroline: Okay...

Bee: I could reasonably fuck up every member of nurse joy.

(Nervous laughter from every member of nurse joy.)

Jeremiah: (wearily) Hmmm....

Mo: And also, horses have minds of their own!

Lex: So they're not TRAINED horses? They're not like, cavalry?

Maren: I'm a net negative on both sides.

Caroline: So... it depends.

Lex: It depends on what era of KO Queen...





Caroline: And it depends on my bias. My bias is, of course, all the love to KO Queen, nurse joy would win. I'm very biased. I'm concerned about overheating in the bear suits. I think KO Queen more regularly taps into rage, more often than the music and the performance of nurse joy. However, nurse joy has a lot of creativity and spunk. They wouldn't win through force. But they'd distract the crowd through performance art and then KO Queen would get distracted. It wouldn't be a fight, it would be an event.

Evelyn: I would close my eyes and get scared.

Bee: I could beat up Maren. I think Mae and I would be pretty evenly matched. I think I could take X. I think Lex and Jeremiah could probably beat the fuck out of me.

HA HA HA HA HA
(We laugh and mull this over.) HA HA

Mo: We should do it gladiator style. HA HA

X: We should box.

"If you could go back in time to the beginning of your journey with nurse joy and tell yourself one thing, what would it be?"

Mae: That gave me chills. That's kinda a crazy question. Cuz it's like... it's not like we've done anything crazy, or like, made it. We're still in the same neighborhood, in the same basements, but something feels really different now, and really good.

Lex: I would tell myself... don't beat yourself up too much.

X: I dunno.

Maren: (To X) What would you say to yourself one year ago?

(We laugh a little)

Maren: I would say [REDACTED]. Don't put that in.

Mo: Okay. That's off the record.

Evelyn: Hey this is on the record. This is Jarsch here. I would be nothing without nurse joy. MAE: AW & MAREN: TRUE. We wouldn't have started KO Queen without nurse joy. I was at such a low confidence level when I moved into the house we all live in, and Mae and Maren of nurse joy really really let me know that my music was worth sharing. And I thought that's really important to share. I love nurse joy.

Mo: Me too. They're pretty cool.

Jeremiah: I appreciate the journey as it has been. I would maybe tell myself to get a new keyboard amp sooner.

Mae: I would tell myself to chill the fuck out more earlier. And just keep going, it'll all make sense.

X: I think I'm in a similar spot. Everything's been really cool so far. I would tell myself to get the other bass that I was looking at because this one's neck is fucked up.

HA HA HA HA HA
(More laughter.) HA HA HA HA HA

Mae: I just... I wanted to give up a couple of times. And I'm glad I didn't.

Maren: Same. There were points where this band was really... difficult.

Lex: There were points where we all had to come together and actively convince ourselves to not give up.

Mae: We've all needed a little bit of a center point.

Evelyn: Ringo quit the band three times.

Mae: Who did?

Evelyn: Ringo. Quit the band three times.

Lex: Makes sense.

Mae: Who do we think is our Ringo?

(KC is choking laughing.)

X: (Ringo impression) Hullo, guys! Peace and love!

Mo: Peace and love.

"Is there anything else you guys wanna say?"

X: Which one of us reminds you of Ringo Starr?

(That's a question for YOU, reader! Which member of nurse joy is Ringo Starr?)

Lex: Stream Can I Say Something! Go buy Can I Say Something.

Evelyn: By Ringo Starr.

Lex: Buy shirts.

Evelyn: Bisexual shirts.

Lex: Pay attention to the pelvic floor!

Mae: Steal more things.

Evelyn: Piss your pants!

Bee: What about stealing the album?

Lex: Piss on the album. **PISS ON THE ALBUM.**

Mo: Any closing remarks?

Evelyn: Stretch out the cassette tape!

Jeremiah: Those are all good.

Lex: We're coming for Playboy Cart! I don't care that he dropped before us.

X: Stretch! Stretch!

And that was the last thing to be recorded on this voice memo. We all went downstairs and proceeded to have the night of our lives. Thanks for reading! Listen to nurse joy!!!



LOVE X RAGE!

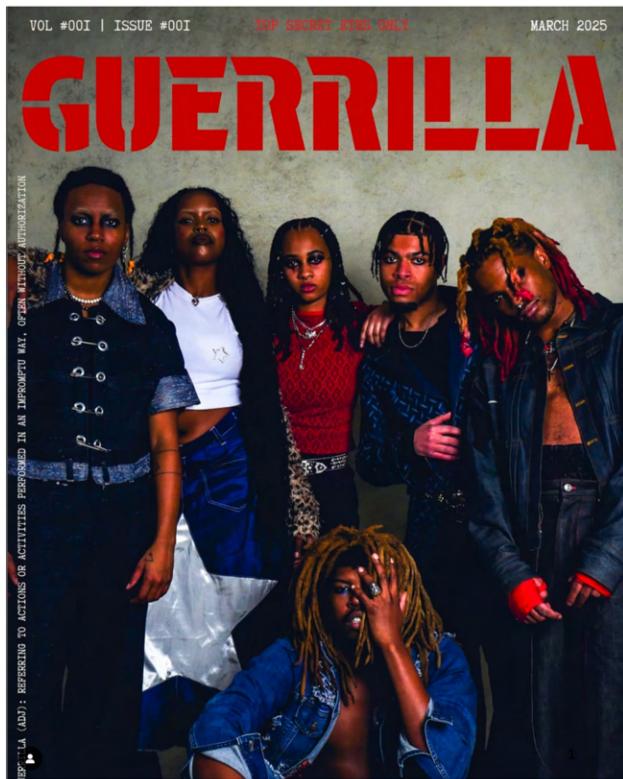
A NIGHT WITH GUERRILLA MAG



IT'S MARCH 22ND, AND I'VE MADE
MY WAY TO THE GILBERT ALBERT
COMMUNITY CENTER IN DORCHESTER.
WE'RE HERE TO WITNESS A MOMENT
IN HISTORY, TO FEEL LOVE AND
RAGE AS A COMMUNITY.

IT'S THE LAUNCH PARTY FOR
GUERRILLA MAGAZINE! THEY'RE
A BOSTON-BASED PUBLISHING
EFFORT DEDICATED TO THE
ARCHIVAL AND UPLIFTING OF THE
BLACK CREATIVE SCENE- NOTABLY,
THE FEMMES AND THE SELF-STARTERS.
YOU CAN FIND THEIR WORK AT
GUERRILLAMAG.COM AND
[@GUERRILLA.MAG](https://www.instagram.com/guerrillamag) ON INSTAGRAM!

THE CREATIVES BEHIND GUERRILLA MAG HAVE BEEN BUSTING THEIR ASSES FOR THE LAST SEVERAL MONTHS TO BRING ISSUE #001: LOVE + RAGE TO LIFE. I WASN'T ABLE TO GET A COPY FOR MYSELF THIS TIME, BUT I GOT TO FLIP THROUGH BRIEFLY AND WAS BLOWN AWAY— THIS GORGEOUS MAGAZINE, FILLED WITH BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, INTERVIEWS, STORIES, AND MORE, IS A MUST-HAVE FOR ANYONE WHO WANTS A PIECE OF HISTORY— BLACK BOSTON HISTORY— TO PRESERVE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.



"IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE, THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE NOT ENRAGED AT THE WAY THE WORLD IS."



TONIGHT, MY MAIN JOB IS RUNNING SOUND. IT GAVE ME THE CHANCE TO SIT BACK AND JUST OBSERVE THE CROWD. THE DJS FILLED THE ROOM WITH SWEET BEATS TO SOUNDTRACK THE CONVERSATION AND LAUGHTER OF A COMMUNITY UNITED BY LOVE AND RAGE.



AND THE LOVE WAS RAGING. ARTISTS AND RAPPERS TOMO, NOTEBOOK P, AND ISHAQ TOOK TO THE STAGE, DELIVERING FIERY PERFORMANCES AND BLESSING ALL OF US WITH A TASTE OF BOSTON'S FINEST HIP HOP AND R&B. THE CROWD WAS JUMPIN' AND BUMPIN' HIPS AND LETTING THE MUSIC FILL THEIR SOULS TO THE BRIM.

AND THEN, THERE WAS LOVE X RAGE: THE BLACK PUNK COLLECTIVE, THE MUSES OF GUERRILLA MAG #001. THE ROOM FILLS WITH LOUD DRUMS, DISTORTED GUITARS, AND THE COLLECTIVE SCREAMS OF BAND AND AUDIENCE. THE CATHARSIS WAS PALPABLE. THESE GUYS DON'T MESS AROUND.

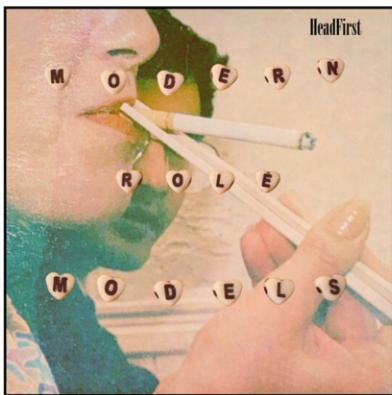


WHAT A NIGHT. IF I WERE YOU, I WOULD BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE NEXT GUERRILLA MAGAZINE. THEY'RE MAKING SOME BIG MOVES, AND I HOPE TO SEE EM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

NEW MUSIC!

HERE ARE SOME OTHER SONGS FROM THE MONTH
OF MARCH FOR YOU TO CHECK OUT!

HEADFIRST GOING CRAZY AS ALWAYS!
SO HAPPY FOR THESE GUYS, CHECK OUT
THEIR NEW STUFF!
@WEAREHEADFIRST ON INSTAGRAM



DID IT MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER- KATE WHITE
LAID-BACK, KINDA FOLKSY ROCK SONG THAT'LL HAVE YOU
WONDERING WHY MORE PEOPLE AREN'T USING ORGAN IN
THEIR SONGS. REALLY GREAT STUFF, GIVE IT A LISTEN!
@KATEAILEENWHITE ON INSTAGRAM AND TIKTOK



HEADFIRST'S NEW ALBUM "MODERN ROLE MODELS" IS OUT
NOW!

PRODUCED BY MATTHEW ELLARD.. THIS
ALBUM HAS BEEN YEARS IN THE MAKING
AND WE ARE SO EXCITED TO FINALLY BE
ABLE TO SHARE IT WITH YOU ALL!

THANK YOU ALL FOR THE LOVE AND
SUPPORT!
-HEADFIRST



HAVE YOU GOT MUSIC
COMING OUT IN APRIL?
BE SURE TO SUBMIT IT
SO THAT I CAN FEATURE
IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

LOOK!

MOST THINGS WITH EYES HAVE
GOTS TWO EYES BECAUSE THAT HELPS
TO PERCEIVE DEPTHS. BUT I CAN
PERCEIVES ALL SORTS OF DEPTHS WITH
MY ONE EYE. I THINKS. MAYBE I



CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT
DEPTHS EVERYONE
ELSE SEES? BUT IS
THAT SO BAD? IT ALL
SEEMS DEEPS TO ME.



We've got some cobalt compassion
and a rocket engine red.
mixed in with pleasant pink
a whistling white wind
across rusty brick tracks
it carries our singing, our dancing.
our mauve moans.

black blood drips and it crusts
and it dries in a deep thick dust!
the purple pleasure pressures leave
maroon marks behind.

a cool green sigh that splashes and sticks.
the pure pearl porcelain of our translucent
teeth. that click, that clack, by mistake
or with purpose.

there's a perfect silver stillness
after a golden orgasm
of pulsating panting of clashing colors
the sweet sweat sensation
the yellow buzz bumbling
the melting flow of explosion
of delight from above
the one, the only, --
The crayolove!

O. ANDREW

miniWebs #3

BY
kid
the
web

Tuesday



late



that evening



What is WRONG?!?



i want revolving
sushi bar... that's



Life is Beautiful!



on progress
two poems by isabelle hott

vermont

emptiness, i have misunderstood you.
i was taught to shield my ears when i heard
your cries; to hide until they faded, but,

weeping in the firelight as old lessons
burned, i watched my shame turn to ash, and i
finally received your smold'ring message.

you are no shortcoming, you're my hunger
for nourishing love withheld at your blame.
i shook my fear of you, and now it seems
a privilege to miss my dearest friends.

porch light on

my november self made it home tonight.

she stood at the threshold, head heavy with
numbness, eyes hidden, reddened, weakened from
an animal's frantic search for respite.

in reflex, she tensed when i stepped closer
so i stood still, arms open, and let her
close the distance. her shoulders rose, a wave,
and with a sob, came crashing to my shore.

i lifted her chin to meet her gaze, smiled,
and her mouth's tear-damp corner turned upward.

Tide Reminder

ALL THINGS CALL FOR YOU TO BE CHANGING

THE SEASONS TURN OVER ONE ANOTHER FOLDING AGAIN AND AGAIN

FROM SILENT FROST TO KINDEST WARMTH THE WORLD TRIES ON
EVERY OUTFIT

THE TIDE COMES IN AND ALWAYS DECIDES TO GO BACK OUT

THE TIDE LEAVES AND ALWAYS COMES BACK

BOULDERS REIGN AS GIANTS UNTIL AGE MAKES THEM POCKETABLE

WATER AND EARTH, I CANNOT RESIST TO WRITE ABOUT YOU

YOU MUST CHANGE, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL FOR THE CHANGING

LET THE POWER HOSE OF LIVING ERODE YOU NEW

LET IT BLAST STRAIGHT THROUGH YOUR CENTER

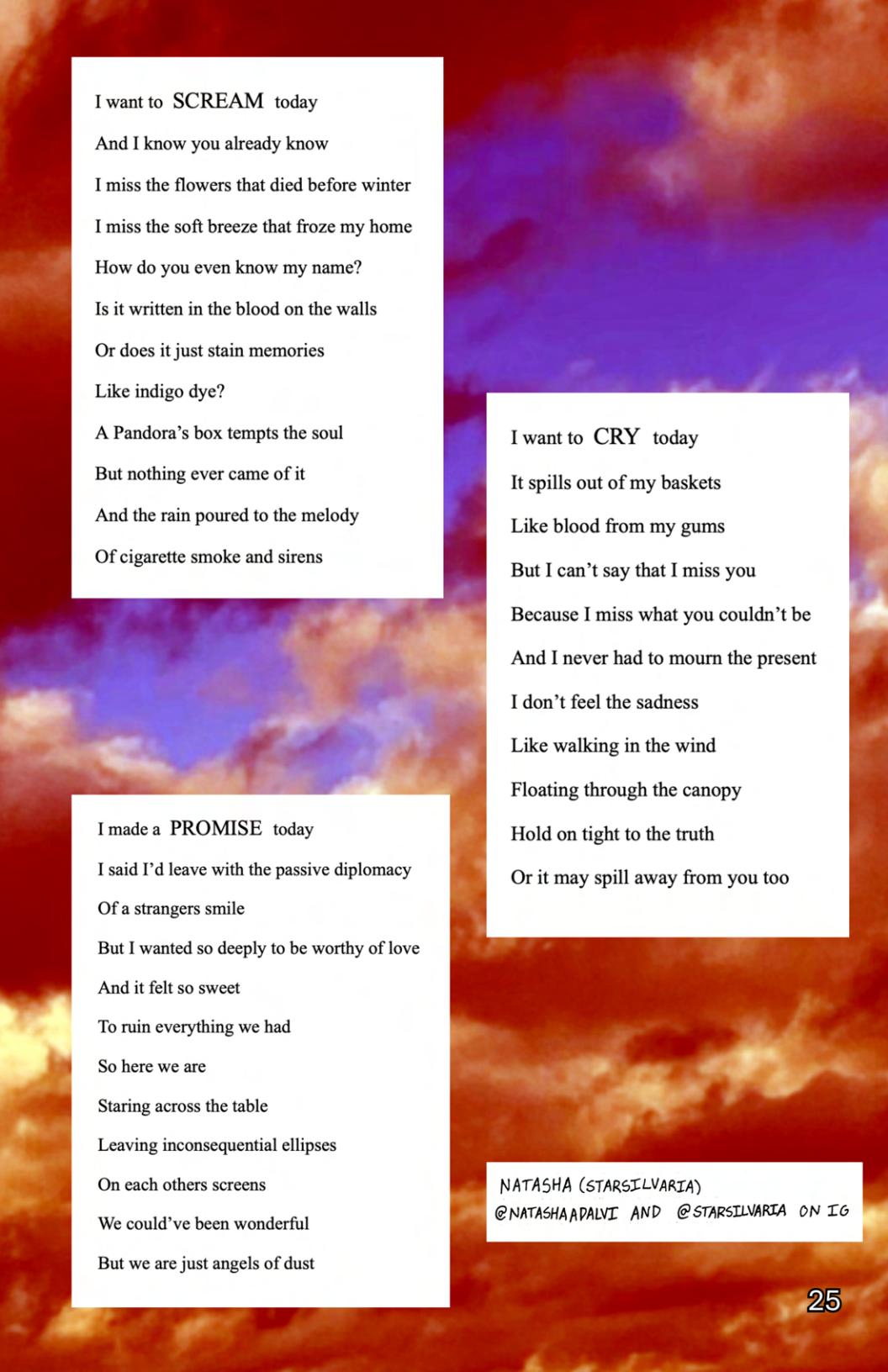
LOVE THE HOLE IT LEAVES BEHIND

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL FOR THE CHANGING

I Am Today

I'm ANGRY today
She turned the lights off
But said I love you
With that twisted, nauseous smile
And threw herself back to the earth
Oh how could one spite the innocent
How could they mourn the desperation
And suddenly it was shame
An awful guilt filling every crevice
Was I too harsh? Was it too soon?
Was she ever mine to have?
Swirling with angst like a midsummer secret
And it won't ever heal away

I want to FIGHT today
Scarcely remembering the weight of words
Or the destruction of a fire within
Ache with the power
Of a child of the world
With the privilege of despair
Lap up hatred like it were ambrosia
And throw a single punch
A single fist
A single tear
And forget why you fought in the first place



I want to SCREAM today
And I know you already know
I miss the flowers that died before winter
I miss the soft breeze that froze my home
How do you even know my name?
Is it written in the blood on the walls
Or does it just stain memories
Like indigo dye?
A Pandora's box tempts the soul
But nothing ever came of it
And the rain poured to the melody
Of cigarette smoke and sirens

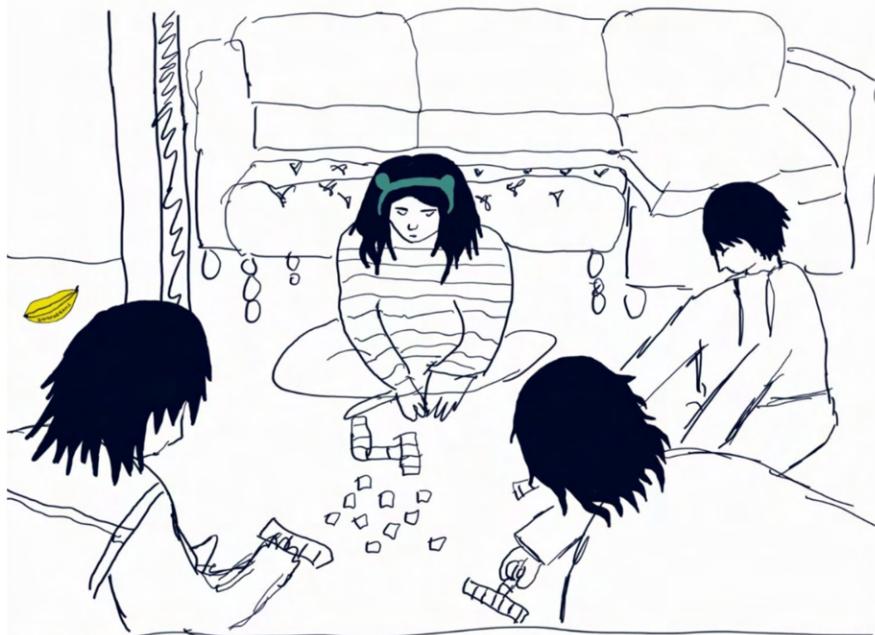
I made a PROMISE today
I said I'd leave with the passive diplomacy
Of a strangers smile
But I wanted so deeply to be worthy of love
And it felt so sweet
To ruin everything we had
So here we are
Staring across the table
Leaving inconsequential ellipses
On each others screens
We could've been wonderful
But we are just angels of dust

I want to CRY today
It spills out of my baskets
Like blood from my gums
But I can't say that I miss you
Because I miss what you couldn't be
And I never had to mourn the present
I don't feel the sadness
Like walking in the wind
Floating through the canopy
Hold on tight to the truth
Or it may spill away from you too

NATASHA (STAR SILVARIA)
@NATASHA_APALVI AND @STAR SILVARIA ON IG

Dio's Spring Break Sketches

Hello my Wandering friends :) Spring Break season just passed, and I went on a road trip to visit my friends in DC and Philly. I had such a great time with them and decided to sketch my favorite moments. I feel so loved :)



Elle, Shea, Hugo, and I, playing bananagrams on the floor of Shea's basement. March 2nd, 2025.



Stevie and Emerald. March 6th, 2025.



Sir Biscuits and I in my room at a cute little inn I stayed at in DC. On call with my boyfriend. March 4th, 2025.



Izzy, Brooke, Stevie, Calvin, Mitchell, Cooper, and I, in Stevie and Calvin's yard. Oat was monitoring us from the window. March 7th, 2025.

DIONYSIS KOLLIAS
@THEWORNOUTBOOT

There is an old, rotting caboose behind a vacant development a mile away and uphill from the nearest active rail line. Very few know that she exists. The caboose – let's call her Esther – has had a very storied history so far. More so than can be said for your average rail car. Esther was born in Clifton, NJ, sometime in 1930. For the next 30 years or so, she lived her life peacefully, working on a railroad in eastern Pennsylvania. No one wrote about her, to my knowledge, but I can only assume Esther enjoyed her life down there, traveling to and fro wherever she needed to be. Once that railroad went belly up in '63, things got a little shaky, as Esther would have to find a new home. Thus, she made the trek up to a railroad in Massachusetts. She's now local. From here on out, her history becomes foggy. For the following seven or so years, Esther likely traveled with trains far and around the New England area; up to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or to distant fabled cities such as Springfield. After nearly 40 years of tireless work, however, it was evident that she'd served her use for as long as she could, and could no longer work. At this moment in time, Esther effectively went missing. As time marches on, it seems to forget such idle creations. I don't blame it. Even in daily life, it would seem so trivial to note the existence of any given object that might leave your peripheral as soon as it enters.

Enter the first few curious, those enamored with all things old and once moving, regardless of how small their role may have been. Esther is found again, shaken, but remaining. She rests not on home rails but is instead at the end of a seemingly impossible route, removed from the public eye. For the next twenty years, Esther lives a more private existence. One that sees her not as a mundane carriage, but rather as an anomaly that enthralls all those who may stumble upon her. By all accounts, any other scenario for her to end up in wouldn't be nearly as confusing.

One cold December day, I became one of those few. After hearing whispers of her strange home, I was skeptical. Hopeful moreso, but with that came fear. Fear that perhaps the rumors were true, that I would be too late, and Esther would no longer be with us.

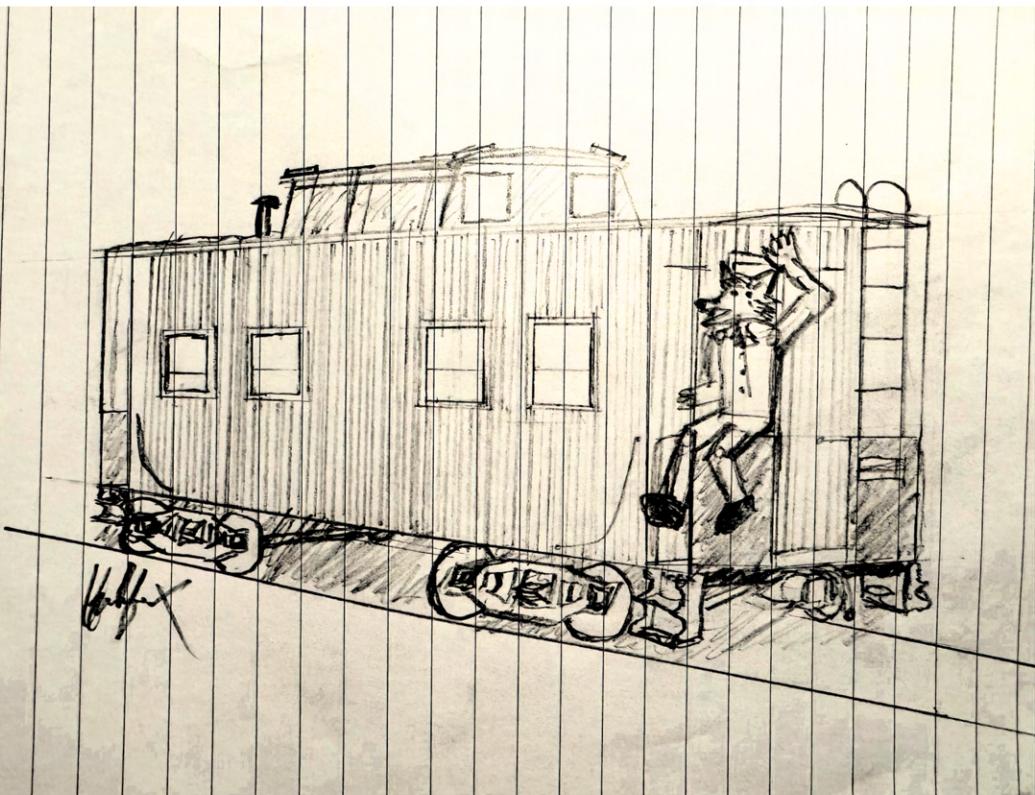
To be proven wrong, and to feel such wonder, such shock, such raw confusion all at once was... terrifying. Not in the way that a good film can scare you, but in the way that you know that something has entered your life for the better and that it may never leave you.

She claimed no owner. No immediate pain to speak of, other than that of her age. She rested upon her own wheels, but could not move. She did not wish to. I could hear no cries for help, nor could I hear sighs of contentment towards her current state of being. She was welcoming but reserved. Hard to be very open when you've been lost for decades. Not much to talk about either, I'd imagine. I asked for a picture, to which she obliged. After that, I left. I felt content to know she was in no worse state than I had imagined, though still puzzled by the same mysteries I arrived with. At least one was answered when I returned weeks later. I was cocky and felt I could saunter back without notice. Quite quickly I was proven wrong, as a man soon yelled at me in warning. Certainly, it was trespassing, but whether or not I could see Esther was of no concern to him. Just that I leave immediately. Therefore answers the "who". Someone uncaring to the wellbeing of our subject, and unyielding to those who may have that care to give.

I'm returning home for the first time in months. My last visit was the last time I had seen Esther, and I once again can't help but feel terrified. Though not as I had described before, this time following the horror-aligned definition. I am no stranger to the capabilities of humans. I'm sure

you the reader are just as familiar. Perhaps it's my mind plotting against me, the stresses of my daily life, or a nasty combination of the two, but I fear that I may have been the final straw for the man and the adjacent antique, only his by some technicality, perhaps. That I was the reminder that the curious will always find a way to discover the interesting, and that to prevent any further discovery, that which is interesting must be removed. Whether it is to an alternate location, or from this world entirely, as long as it's no longer an issue, that would be all that mattered to men like the one I encountered. Best case scenario, I return to find fences and warnings as far as the eye can see, surveillance to warn of any stranger's presence; deterrents. Worst case scenario, I return to find the charred frame of Esther still sitting where I had last left her, but irrevocably, physically erased. Anything is possible when humans are in charge. Regardless of what I may find when I return, I will know this: that for a brief moment in my not-yet-concluded life, I wove myself into the fabric of another who tells stories of simpler lives through the cracked wooden paneling of her body. I wish nothing but the best for Esther, and hope that if someday she truly does disappear, this story may remain as a testament to her existence.

Halifax
Your jack of hearts



@HALIFAXX57.BSKY.SOCIAL

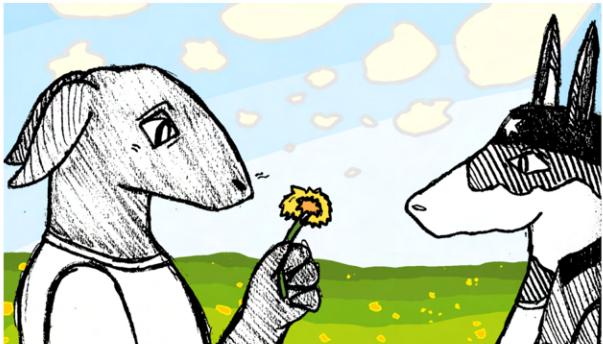
YOU'VE SEEN THESE GUYS AROUND A COUPLE TIMES NOW. THESE ARE CHARACTERS I CREATED IN MY JOURNAL AND HAVE A VERY LOOSE STORY FOR.



AND HERE'S SOME DRAWINGS I'VE MADE OF THEM, SOME OF WHICH I'VE BEEN SITTING ON FOR A LONG TIME. ENJOY♪



SOL LIKES DANDELIONS. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, AND THEY'RE WEEDS, BUT THEY'VE GOT NICE FLOWERS, DON'T THEY?



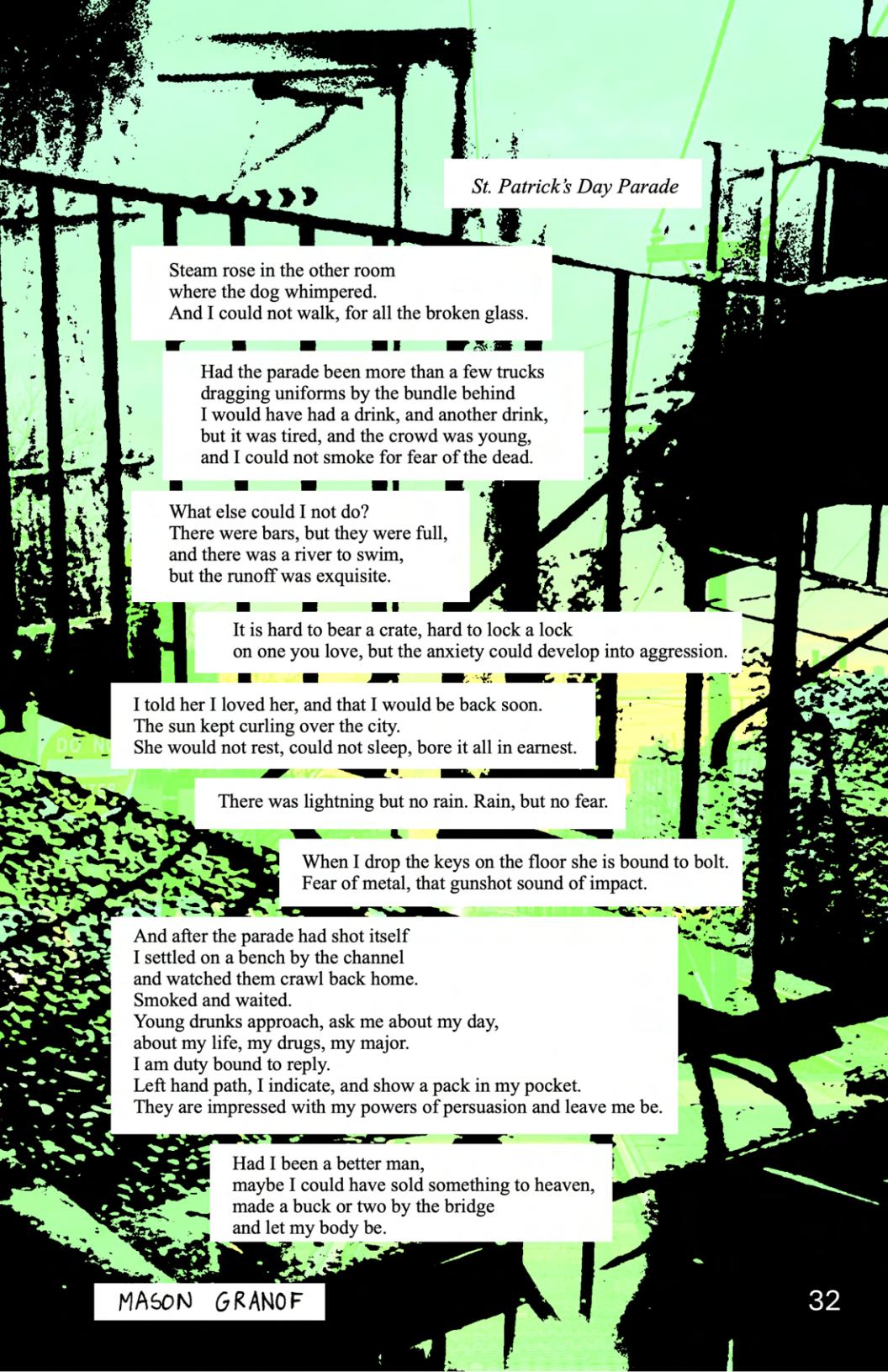
WITH EACH WALK THEY TAKE, EACH CONVERSATION THEY SHARE, THEY REALIZE THAT A NEW PERSPECTIVE IS ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE THINGS TO HAVE.



AND THEN. . . WELL. I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THEN.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE? SOMETHING HAS CHANGED, YES. IF NOTHING CHANGED THEN THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED. YES, CHANGE IS WHY THIS HAS HAPPENED. A CHANGE OF HEART, OF PLANS, OF DECISION, OF BELIEF. SOMETHING CHANGED, SOMETHING CHANGED, SOMETHING CHANGED...





St. Patrick's Day Parade

Steam rose in the other room
where the dog whimpered.
And I could not walk, for all the broken glass.

Had the parade been more than a few trucks
dragging uniforms by the bundle behind
I would have had a drink, and another drink,
but it was tired, and the crowd was young,
and I could not smoke for fear of the dead.

What else could I not do?
There were bars, but they were full,
and there was a river to swim,
but the runoff was exquisite.

It is hard to bear a crate, hard to lock a lock
on one you love, but the anxiety could develop into aggression.

I told her I loved her, and that I would be back soon.
The sun kept curling over the city.
She would not rest, could not sleep, bore it all in earnest.

There was lightning but no rain. Rain, but no fear.

When I drop the keys on the floor she is bound to bolt.
Fear of metal, that gunshot sound of impact.

And after the parade had shot itself
I settled on a bench by the channel
and watched them crawl back home.
Smoked and waited.
Young drunks approach, ask me about my day,
about my life, my drugs, my major.
I am duty bound to reply.
Left hand path, I indicate, and show a pack in my pocket.
They are impressed with my powers of persuasion and leave me be.

Had I been a better man,
maybe I could have sold something to heaven,
made a buck or two by the bridge
and let my body be.

DESTINATION:

"DESTINATION"
LIBBY CARLO
@LIBBY.CARLO ON IG

THE WANDERER BASEMENT

PROCEED WITH
CAUTION



18+

KO QUEEN YAOI VOL.1

By: Anonymous

"Tight practice bros" Evelyn said as the last notes of butch baby ring out into screaming vicious tails of feedback. "I guess I'll seeya later guys" says emerson shyly And walks up the basement stairs.

Bee looks Maren in the eyes and says nothing as Maren picks up her guitar cable off the ground, bee does the same and they both begin curling their cables loop by loop. So absorbed by their tasks that they don't even notice that they've ended up sorting the same cable and are now standing mere millimeters away from each other (lady and the tramp type shit). Their stares slowly move up from their hands until they meet, feeling each other's breath as they stand motionless. After what feels like an eternity of bliss Maren suddenly jolts, looking down at her feet and timidly says "so anyways... uh.. I noticed the new bass technique you used" bee confidently interjects "your finger work was impressive" and reaches down gently touching Maren's hand "I really like how you use your fingers". Suddenly a loud ruckus stumbles down the stairs "we forgot our cigarette's" proclaims Evelyn and Emerson as they suddenly arrive down the stairs. Bee and Maren jump to opposite corners of the room trying their best to act nonchalant while Evelyn and Emerson each scour the room for a pack of cigs. "Found them" Eveltn says "your DL goated lyn" Emerson barks in response as they go back up the stairs, leaving just as fast as they appeared.

Bee, noticing their absence slowly walks back over to Maren who is still standing timidly in the corner before pressing her body close to maren's "anyways... where were we?" Says bee. Maren, giving Bee the side eye says "what do you mean..." bee grips Maren by the hand and leans in closer. "This kind of thing is weird" whispers Maren "because we're sisters?" murmurs bee in response. "Well yea but... we're band mates too and... also it's gay" Maren squeezes herself further into the corner "Mom doesn't have to know, we're adults now" bee says. Maren exhales deeply and leans into Bee's embrace, after a long silence Maren quietly whispers into Bee's ear "we have a big show coming up, let's just focus on that for now"

The Kia soul lets out a loud pop as the trunk flies open. Emerson reaches into the car and grabs a bag of cowbells and China cymbals before marching off towards the entrance of Cambridge community center with evelyn. Bee steps out of the car next "could you please carry my amp" Maren proclaims still inside the car. Bee walks around the car and swiftly pulls Maren's Music Man rp65 out of the trunk and starts off towards CCC. Maren follows closely behind sneakily appreciating bee's toned arms and juicy cleavage as it grips the heavy amp.

"LA LA LA LAAAAA" Evelyn belts into the mic "testing testing 123" she says giving Xavier a thumbs up. As the crowd starts slowly trickling into the basement. Bee and Maren apply their makeup in the bathroom mirror occasionally exchanging flirtatious glances. "You look beautiful"

bee says to Maren locking eyes thru the mirror before turning and giving her a kiss on the cheek. Maren smiles timidly and turns to bee, they stare into each other's eyes for a few moments until they hear Emerson's blaring fiery drums echoing through the stairwell. "Better get down there" bee says as she hurriedly pulls off her pants replacing them with some sexy riped up fishnets, Maren doing the same.

Maren and bee plug in their guitars as Emerson twirls her sticks elegantly. click click click click and shark attack starts, guitar and bass notes explode with sexual passion out of Maren and bee's amps, Evelyn goes ahhhhh and Emerson goes ba ba ba on the drums so fast that the audience can even handle the speed. Everyone dances and feels happy as the air is filled with tension and the smell of sweat. The final notes of pretty girl build into a climax and crash down as the crowd screams. Maren looks expectedly at Bee from across the stage. Bee looks back amid the chaos and the two sisters slowly walk towards each other guitars in hand, the air thick with tension. At the center of the stage they meet, cymbals crashing, feedback blaring, it may as well have been fireworks. Finally, their lips met for the first time, a moment that had been building for decades. Maren and bee shoved their tongues aggressively in one another's mouths, spit dripping down their chins, the whole crowd watching; they didn't care, the world faded around them and all that mattered was this moment.

The two hurriedly ran up the stairwell, hand in hand, guitars still plugged in, echoes of "I scream KO Queen, you scream KO Queen, we all scream KO Queen..." followed them. They rushed into the bathroom and locked the stall door behind them. Bee grabbed at Maren's crotch, she was already hard, heavy, and dripping underneath her skinny jeans. Maren pulled bee's pants down and she immediately began pissing like an excited puppy after it's owner returned home from war. Bee soaked Maren's soft thighs with pee, but neither of them cared. Bee pulled Maren's pants down and took her in her mouth. Maren completely filled the space, pumping in and out. The often demure Maren took Bee by surprise with her dominance, gripping her hair and pushing her up and down. She unleashed her seed in Bee's throat, impregnating her. Bee slowly looked up at Maren, tears in her eyes, cum in her mouth. Through gargled speech she said, "I've always wanted this, ever since mom and dad made us share a bedroom." "Me too," said Maren. Bee pulled down her pants, and Maren her's, and the two pressed against each other, breasts sticky with cum and saliva. "We better get down to the merch table" said Maren, "I don't give a damn fuck about that right now, Emerson and Evelyn can deal with it, I just want this, I just want us." The two girls embraced leaving nothing between them but their breath. "I love you, Maren" bee whispered into Maren's ear. "I love you too, mom". Bee couldnt really hear because her ears were filled with cum, but Maren spoke with such passion that Bee felt exactly what she meant

Bee gor up and started to washing her ears. "Theres something else I wanted to tell you" Maren said as she pulled her pants over her knees and dick... "I'm a boy"...

To be continued ;)

LEARN!



HOW DO WE SUPPORT THE PEOPLE AROUND US?

I ASKED MY INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS, AND HERE'S WHAT THEY SAID:

- toad.movie Empower people to do things

Reply >
- connor.plays.drums Being there for the good times and the bad times

Reply >
- skelebaekim Little things: saying hello, asking how their day is, listening

Reply >
- yourmomsbasement.mp4 Pay your friends for their work! Go to shows and buy merch! Share Mutual Aid Requests!

Reply >
- bravelittlecoward by taking care of the little things that add up (dishes, trash, laundry)

Reply >
- libby.carlo Listening

Reply >
- whereisela Keeping promises

Reply >
- kamiqd_ Providing them space to cry, scream, and talk about what hurts

Reply >
- liz__bounds Showing up and checking in. Just genuinely caring

Reply >
- me_that_dorian_gray Respecting their contradictions!

Reply >
- jorishoogie be present. doesn't have to be physically, but make sure they know you care

Reply >
- sporeforms ask questions & listen to the answers. in return, tell stories about your life & be known.

Reply >
- ziggystargus give trans people ur money <3

Reply >
- moldyketchup96 Buy them dinner or weed, mostly

Reply >
- seamuskly7 educate yourself. doesn't have to be a dense academic text!! just a new perspective

Reply >

Where Can I Find Zines?

At so many places run by so many cool people.

Internet Archive

archive.org/details/zines

The Peoples' Library of Alexandria. Over 84,000 in collections by topic (Rock, Antifacism, Twin Peaks).

itch.io

itch.io/books/tag-zine

A marketplace for indie art with a bustling scene, especially for zines on tabletop and DIY-gamedev.

Take-a-Zine

takeazine.neocities.org

Community bookstands across MA. Great spots to find local zines and drop off your own.

Zine Wiki

zinewiki.com

An encyclopedia of alt-publishing. Great for finding a zine's history and collaborators.

The Book of Zines

zinebook.com

Yellow Pages for the 2000's zine world. Use Wayback Machine for a 2007 backup with working links.

Queer Zine Archive Project

archive.qzap.org

Great interface for browsing. City and decade tags let you trace queer history across the USA.

Black Zine Archive

Instagram @blackzinearchive

A new Baltimore-based group. Hosts historic Black zines and a list of current Black zinemakers.

Papercut Zine Library

papercutzinelibrary.com

A volunteer-run group based in the Democracy Center. Closed for now but worth watching!

Barnard Zine Library

zines.barnard.edu

Keeps a list of zine libraries around the world. Many have online collections.

TEXT FILES

textfiles.com/magazines

Archive of ASCII-only publishing from the 90's web, including E-Zines sent over email.

As a closing note, radical counterculture and reactionary governments don't get along. We're not far from Meta restrictions on anyone hosting zines about Palestine. Libraries may soon risk lawsuits and funding cuts.

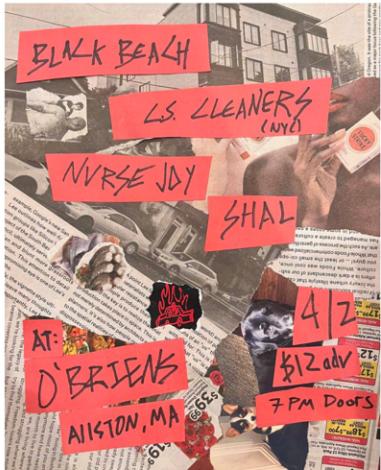
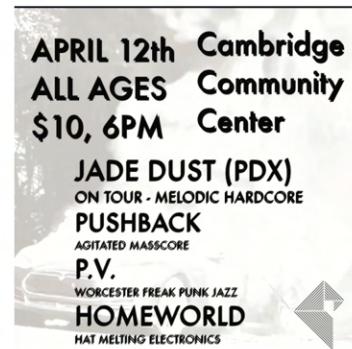
So we can't count on institutions to preserve our history for us (look up [The Trans Literature Preservation Project](#) for a great how-to). Zines' **contents** will risk censorship. Zine-making **methods and communities** will help us fight it. Now's the time to make, support, and download whatever we can!

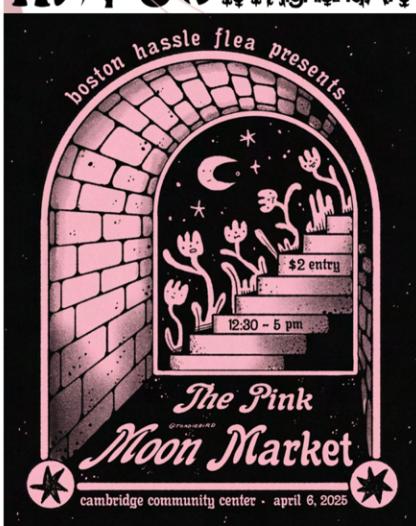
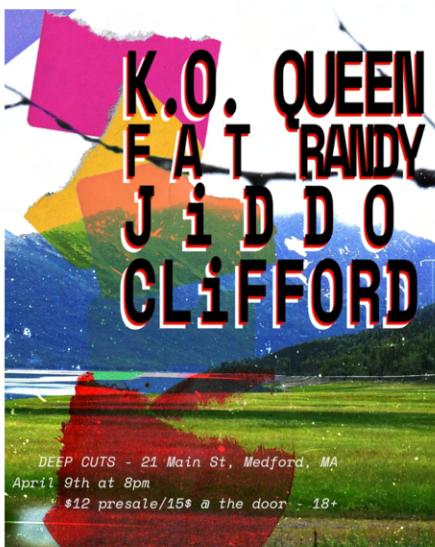
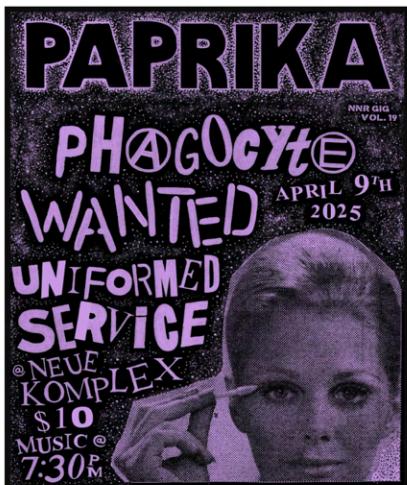


BEVVY!



LOTS OF SHOW AND EVENT
POSTERS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL...





MAD LIBS
ANOTHER SHOW AT

Everyone in **ALLSTON, MA** gathered
(PLACE)

at O'Briens on **4/3/2025** to see
(DATE)

Snuff Hustler, **P.V.**, **Clean Freak**,

(NOUN) (NOUN) (NOUN)

and **The Infinite Wet Secret**

(NOUN)

doors at **7pm** music at **8pm**

(TIME) (TIME)

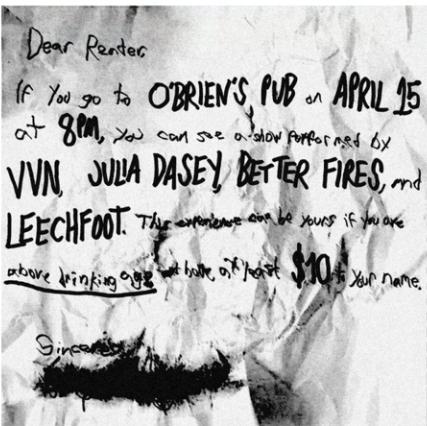
The show costed **\$10** in advance

(COST)

and **\$12** day of show. **21+42**



A LIST OF HAPPENINGS FROM THE PELVIC FLOOR! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!



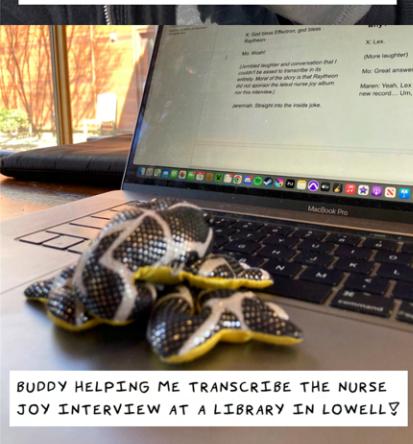
WHERE HAS BUDDY BEEN?



REMEMBER THIS GUY? IF YOU'VE SEEN ME AROUND, CHANCES ARE YOU'VE SEEN HIM TOO. YOU MAY HAVE ALSO SEEN HIM IN THE WANDERER ISSUE 1! THIS IS BUDDY, MY LITTLE FROG FRIEND. I'M NOT SURE IF THAT'S HIS REAL NAME YET. I WONDERED FOR A WHILE WHAT HIS NAME SHOULD BE, BUT WE ALL JUST STARTED CALLING HIM BUDDY. I THINK THAT SUITS HIM JUST FINE. HE'S BEEN TO LOTS OF SHOWS AND PLACES AND MET LOTS OF NEW FRIENDS! HERE ARE A BUNCH OF BUDDY'S NEW FRIENDS FROM WHEN WE WENT TO CUCK TO SELL SOME COPIES OF THE WANDERER ISSUE 2!



ALL OF BUDDY'S FRIENDS ARE SO LOVELY,
AREN'T THEY? HERE'S SOME MORE MOMENTS
BUDDY'S HAD OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS!



DID YOU GUYS HAVE FUN THIS MARCH? I HAD A LOT OF FUN. THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME! I'LL SEE YOU GUYS NEXT MONTH!

THE WANDERER

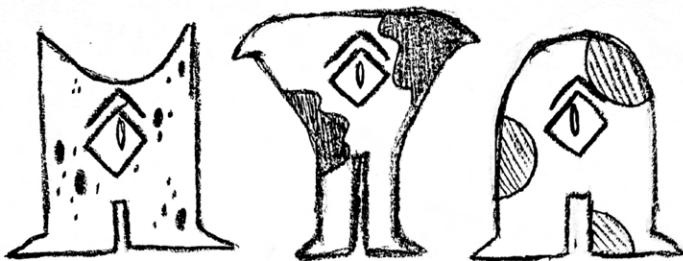
BY LECHUGA JAM

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
MO CORREA

SPECIAL THANKS TO LIBBY CARLO, ALEX OSLAKOVIC, AND ISABELLE HOTT FOR SITTING WITH ME WHILE I FINISH FORMATTING EVERYTHING. ALSO SHOUTOUT OSPREYCORP BECAUSE MY FAVORITE THING TO DO IS PLAY A SET THEY'VE FILMED ON THE TV WHILE WORKING ON THE ZINE

FREE ON THE WEB, PAY-WHAT-YOU-WISH PAPER COPIES. IF YOU WANNA HELP COVER PRINTING COSTS SO THE ZINE CAN REMAIN ACCESSIBLE TO AS MANY AS POSSIBLE, CONSIDER SENDING A DOLLAR TO @LECHUGAJAM ON VENMO AND CASHAPP.





LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER

FOLLOW, WANDER, LEAD

WE ARE THE THREE WHO FIT THE CYCLE
THREE LIKE A TRIANGLE, THREE IS MAGIC
LEAD THE WAY YOU WANDERED DOWN
FOLLOW, LEARN TO LEAD THE WAY

WANDER, ONCE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH
THE CYCLE IS THREE, LIKE WE
WE WHO ARE MAGIC AS ALL THREE
THE THREE WHO LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER.